St. JULIAN's ABBEY.

LETTER XXXVI.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

Haldamore Caſtle.

WHY ſhould I continue to afflict you with my letters, dear Lady Ann? Their contents

 are

are ever melancholy, and your own griefs are ſufficient, without the additional weight of mine: Yet can I bear to relinquiſh the only ſhadow of a comfort that is left me? That of pouring my complaints into your faithful boſom; I feel it is impoſſible, and will not therefore attempt it.

The Marquis has actually forbid Lord Kildare again to viſit the Caſtle; his mother is ſurpriſed and offended; ſhe paid me a viſit upon the occaſion, and treated me, I think, with a rudeneſs unbecoming for her to offer, or

me

me to receive; yet what could I do? To whom could I complain? Nor was it in my power to remove the ſuſpicions ſhe entertained of my wiſhing to alienate the affection of the Marquis from his relations, without relating, what it would certainly be improper for me to mention: For is it not the duty of a wife to endeavour to draw a veil over the failings of her huſband?

She left me in high diſpleaſure; but I dare ſay her ſon convinced her of the injuſtice ſhe did me,

as I, the next morning, received from her the following billet—

" CAN you pardon my warmth of temper, and the reproaches I made you? which I am now convinced you do not deſerve. You have all my pity, mingled with the higheſt eſteem of your prudence.

" My ſon is deeply concerned at being the cauſe, though innocently, of giving you uneaſineſs; he will not add to it, by treating the

the Marquis in the manner he deſerved.

"Our kind reſpects and beſt wiſhes will ever attend you, and we hope in time, your huſband will be ſenſible of his errors, and that we may again enjoy your amiable ſociety."

My father is greatly hurt, at this abſurd behaviour in the Marquis: I rather fear ſome high words paſſed between them. My father even hinted an intention of leaving us, but I implored him

ſo earneſtly to lay aſide this reſolution, that he has conſented to oblige me.

We have few viſitors, and the approach of winter adds to the gloomineſs of our habitation.

The Marquis has a diſpute concerning an eſtate, which he expects will terminate in a lawſuit; it has engaged him ſo deeply for ſome days paſt, that he has been but little with us, and I do not think my father regrets the want of his ſociety. He hinted a wiſh, that he had been leſs precipitate in concluding

our

our marriage; but that is a theme I dare not truſt myſelf upon.

I am greatly ſurpriſed at what you tell me concerning Lord Saliſbury, and know not what to ſay upon the ſubject, excepting that every day offers new proofs of the duplicity and inconſtancy of mankind. I am interrupted.

In Continuation.

MY dear friend, I am ſo fluttered by what I have juſt heard, I have ſcarce power to compoſe myſelf ſufficiently to inform you, that as my huſband's law-ſuit requires his preſence in town, he is reſolved I ſhall paſs the winter with him there, not chuſing to truſt me behind, though under the protection of my father: Good

Heaven!

Heaven! what apprehenſions fill my ſoul! what ſtruggles muſt I endure! I dare not, even to you, declare all my fears; but there is no alternative; I muſt ſubmit! My entreaties to remain at Haldamore, would avail me nothing: To compleat my ſorrow, I ſhall be deprived of the company of my father, who will not, in ſpite of my prayers and tears, conſent to accompany us. He ſets off in the courſe of a few weeks for St. Julian's Abbey, that dear retirement, where I once fondly hoped to have paſſed a life unembittered by anguiſh; but let me not dwell upon the remembrance of

paſt delights, which never can return; rather let me endeavour to teach my heart patience to ſupport the preſent ills with which I am ſurrounded.

My beſt friend, farewell! The idea of embracing you is the only conſolation of your faithfully attached,

ELIZA LOTHIAN.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

Groſvenor Square.

DISAPPOINTED in the only wiſh I had formed, I muſt vent my chagrin to you: It is impoſſible for me to deſcribe what I felt upon my arrival in town,

on receiving the billet, which informed me, the illneſs of your uncle called you to Wales: What wiſhes do I not offer for his ſpeedy recovery, and your return!

I am, as it were, alone amongſt the buſy multitude; not one ſympathizing heart beats here for me; I have been oppreſſed by viſitors, yet have met with few characters that pleaſe me: In the women I look in vain for the exalted underſtanding and ſweet ſenſibility of Lady Ann Howard; and the men fatigue me with compliments, which

which, far from flattering myſelf—love, humble me exceſſively.

I have been preſented to their Majeſties, and met with a reception more gracious than I dared expect. The Marquis is greatly pleaſed; he has been leſs unkind of late in his manner; has loaded me with preſents, and ſeems to take a pride in ſhewing me to the world; his vanity is infinitely more gratified than mine by the attention I everywhere meet with.

I muſt not omit telling you, Miſs Granville has been among the number of my viſitors; ſhe exactly

exactly anſwers your deſcription, and her beauty can only be equalled by her affectation.

In the courſe of our converſation you was mentioned; and ſome one named a ſuppoſition, that your marriage with Lord Saliſbury would take place upon his and your return to London.

I could not help obſerving the envious chagrin, which overclouded the countenance of the Lady, or the malicious ſneer with which ſhe diſſented from the general voice; ſhe was, however, moſt compleatly mortified, for the whole

whole aſſembly joined in the opinion you were alone deſerving of each other; and my friendſhip was ſatisfied by the praiſes beſtowed upon her whom I regard above all others. I am interrupted.

In

In Continuation.

SOME days have elapſed without my being able to devote a moment even to you.

I was laſt night at a moſt ſuperb ball given by the Duke of Buckingham; it is ſuppoſed out of compliment to Lady Auguſta Percy.

How

How my hand yet trembles while it traces that name! Yet, I truſt, time and my unremitted endeavours have, in a great degree, ſubdued ſentiments which it would be criminal for me to indulge.

This lovely woman engaged my attention the moment I entered; ſhe was talking to the Duke, who, after paying his compliments to me, again joined her; the extreme beauty of her perſon, and elegance of her manners, joined to the ſtrong reſemblance between her and one whoſe memory ſtill

holds

holds to my view, ſuggeſted to me an idea, which I had ſcarce formed before the Duke realized it, by preſenting to me Lady Auguſta Percy, as one who wiſhed to be ranked among the number of my friends; my confuſion was ſo great, I could ſcarcely return her civility, but her agreeable converſation reſtored me to myſelf; we remained together for the reſt of the evening, and ſhe ſaid—

"She regretted the coolneſs which had long ſubſiſted between her family and that of the Marquis,

quis, which prevented her from paying her reſpects to me at my own houſe; ſhe begged it might ſubſiſt no longer, and that we might from that agreeable evening date a laſting friendſhip."

It was not till that moment I recollected the impropriety I was guilty of, in cultivating an acquaintance with the ſiſter of one equally obnoxious to my father and huſband; one, whom, for the preſervation of my peace, it was neceſſary I ſhould endeavour to forget.

Diſtreſſed

Diſtreſſed to the greateſt degree, I knew not what to anſwer.

Lady Auguſta ſaw my confuſion, and kindly endeavoured to relieve me from it, apologizing for the uneaſineſs her requeſt occaſioned me; begging I would uſe no ceremony with her, and if I ſuſpected that the Marquis of Lothian had ſtill a too lively remembrance of the ancient quarrel, to be pleaſed with her acquaintance: That I would not ſcruple to tell her ſo; at the ſame time, permitting her the honour of my eſteem and converſation, when chance

chance or good fortune brought us together.

Could I refuſe a requeſt ſo kindly urged? Oh! Lady Ann, I found it impoſſible.

Regardleſs of the conſequence of this too haſtily contracted friendſhip, I aſſured her of the delight it would afford me, and we parted mutually ſatisfied with each other.

I returned home filled with the idea of the beautiful Auguſta, yet

I dared

I dared not to mention this meeting to the Marquis: The concealment pained me; and my rebellious heart dared to murmur at the unkindneſs of deſtiny, in allotting me a partner ſo ill ſuited to my diſpoſition.

" Had I poſſeſſed (ſaid I) a huſband, whoſe confidence in me was unbounded, whoſe generoſity of ſentiment I could rely upon, and look up to for advice, every emotion of my ſoul ſhould be laid open to his view, his ſuperior judgment ſhould guide me through the

the maze of error, and lead me to happineſs."

The Marquis had paſſed the evening at home with his lawyers; they had flattered him with the hopes of ſpeedily gaining his ſuit, and he was in high ſpirits.

I ſincerely wiſh it may ſoon be ſettled, that we may return to Haldamore. I freely own I ſhould be leſs anxious to reviſit that place, but for my fears of meeting one, whom I wiſh never more to behold; and as the army is daily expected, it is almoſt impoſſible I ſhould avoid the ſo much dreaded interview.

Oh!

Oh! that you would return! Never was I more anxious for your dear ſociety.

Adieu,

ELIZA LOTHIAN.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

Groſvenor Square.

I Was yeſterday at Court, where I heard the peace is finally concluded; ſeveral of the officers are already returned, and

with the troops, will follow.

The information ſtartled me; my heart beat with violence, and I was abſent and inattentive to all that paſſed.

Lady Auguſta Percy rouſed me from my reverie; ſhe was in high ſpirits, and appeared the picture of lovelineſs and content—

"My dear Marchioneſs," ſhe ſaid, "I have been employed this half hour in looking for you, to make

make you a partner of my joy; I am one of the happieſt creatures alive; I have ſuch charming accounts of the health of my beloved brother; his wounds are quite well; Lord Saliſbury has brought me this delightful news.

" I muſt introduce this young Nobleman to your acquaintance; he is very amiable; and more fully to convince you of his worth, fame ſays, he is the choſen lover of Lady Ann Howard.

" As for Percy, I will ſay nothing of him, you ſhall judge for

 yourſelf;

yourſelf; but I cannot, however, help telling you that I am proud to call him brother."

Gueſs what I ſuffered during this harangue! But fortunately her Ladyſhip was too much engroſſed by her own happineſs, to obſerve my agitation; I pleaded a bad head-ach, and left her rather abruptly.

I returned home, and there concealment was ſtill as neceſſary; for the Marquis led me from the chair, and accompanied me to my dreſſing-room.

He

He told me he had promiſed, in my name, to paſs the evening with Lady Herbert, and begged I would fulfil the engagement; he laughed at my plea of ill-health, told me I never looked handſomer, and inſiſted upon my going. We dined together, and he then left me.

I went to Lady Herbert's, where I found a numerous company aſſembled.

Lady Auguſta Percy was among the number, and Lord Saliſbury, who ſhe introduced to me.

I do not wonder at your honouring him with your partiality, his appearance is, indeed, prepoſſeſſing; and to a noble figure, he has joined the moſt elegant addreſs.

I think he wears the marks of melancholy, notwithſtanding his affected chearfulneſs.

I endeavoured to engage his attention, and render myſelf agreeable, from the hope of one day gaining an explanation of his myſterious conduct towards you.

I believe

I believe I ſucceeded tolerably well, and he appeared pleaſed with my converſation, but Miſs Granville contrived to draw him to her, and engage him in a *tête à tête* converſation for the greateſt part of the evening; yet I am greatly deceived if ſhe will carry her point; for as I obſerved them narrowly, I clearly perceived the attachment was entirely on the ſide of the Lady.

At ſupper he was condoled with in a tone of raillery, for the abſence of Lady Ann Howard; his anſwers were conſtrained and cold.

The company looked ſurpriſed, and the ſubject dropped.

Lord Saliſbury told me he had received the honour of a viſit from the Marquis, which he ſhould very ſhortly return, and I aſſured him of the pleaſure it would give me.

I have a preſentiment your uneaſineſs will ſoon be ended, and that I ſhall be the happy inſtrument of giving peace to the boſom of my friend.

Let your delicacy be under no alarms, I will be careful of it as my

my own; I have already formed my plan, and wait but for a lucky moment to put it in execution. You ſhall not remain a moment ignorant of its ſucceſs.

Adieu, dear Lady Ann,

ELIZA LOTHIAN.

LETTER XXXIX.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

Groſvenor Square.

JOY to you, my beloved friend! I have ſuch news to relate, as fills my heart with delight; but I will keep you no longer in ſuſpence. I have juſt received a viſit from

from your worthy Saliſbury—yes! I will call him your's: He has a noble heart, and deſerves you.

The Marquis was out, but upon his ſending up his name to me, he was admitted, and I gave orders to be denied to every other viſitor.

For ſome time our converſation was upon indifferent topics, till I contrived to turn it upon friendſhip: I expatiated with warmth on the pleaſures ariſing from mutual confidence and eſteem; that

it was unjuſt in the men to declare our ſex were not capable of it.

"You will not allow us to poſſeſs" added I, "a ſufficient ſhare of ſtability; conſtancy of mind is certainly a neceſſary requiſite to eſtabliſh a laſting friendſhip, and that ſome of our ſex are endued with that, and every other noble ſentiment, I can prove to you, by the example of my beloved Ann Howard: I have loved her from her very childhood, and may venture to declare, our attachment has encreaſed with our years;

and

and ſo unchangeable is the nature of Lady Ann, that I may venture to declare it will be laſting as our lives."

"No one can be more ſenſible of the force of Lady Ann Howard's perfections than myſelf, (replied Lord Saliſbury in a mournful accent) I am ready to allow her every perfection, excepting that on which you laſt dwelt. I own I cannot think the nature of that too charming woman ſo unchangeable."

"Indeed

"Indeed you wrong her," returned I, "nor will I pardon your temerity, unleſs you conſent to declare to me the grounds you have for ſuch a charge." He then informed me—

"That once, he had been induced to hope he was not indifferent to you; that he had wrote to you after his leaving England, and that the letter was dictated by the ſincereſt affection that ever warmed a human heart; impatient for your anſwer, he received with delight your packet from the hands of Captain Granville, but nothing could equal his con-

confuſion and deſpair, on receiving his own epiſtle accompanied with theſe lines"—

"Lady Ann Howard begs Lord Saliſbury will no more trouble her with his letters; if he perſiſts in doing it, they will ſhare the ſame fate as the incloſed, as ſhe is determined no longer to receive his addreſſes, and inſiſts upon his conſidering her for the future as one who never can be more to him than a friend."

I an-

I anſwered his Lordſhip by opening my cabinet, and ſhewing that part of your letter which concerned the packet which you had diſpatched by Captain Granville. Aſtoniſhment, joy, and rage were alternately depicted in the expreſſive countenance of Lord Saliſbury; he conjured me to become his advocate, to convince you of his innocence, and he vowed vengeance upon the authors of the infamous plot.

I began to tremble for the conſequences of his paſſion, and refuſed to let him depart till he was in ſome degree pacified; at laſt

laſt having rather calmed his fury, I agreed he ſhould leave me to viſit Miſs Granville, and write to you: So ended our converſation.

I will make no comments upon the unworthineſs of your rival; the ſcorn of Lord Saliſbury will be her puniſhment, and he will not be ſparing of it, for moſt heartily does he deſpiſe her.

My ſpirits are ſo raiſed by the proſpects of your happineſs, that I carry a lighter heart than I have known theſe many tedious months.

I am

I am going to dreſs for a ball at Lady Saliſbury's given as a mark of her joy for the return of her ſon. I have promiſed to dance, and he is to be my partner.

Perhaps you will gueſs who will be the chief ſubject of our converſation this evening.

Be not tardy in owning to him you are rejoiced to find him as deſerving as ever; he merits the avowal, and as I have undertaken to be his advocate, I ſhall

ſhall be piqued if he does not ſpeedily gain his cauſe.

Farewell, my beloved friend; believe me as much as ever,

Your affectionate,

ELIZA LOTHIAN.

LETTER XL.

LADY AUGUSTA PERCY

TO

MRS. HERBERT.

Portman Square.

"THE joys of meeting, far o'erpay the pangs of parting, else who could bear it?"

I now

I now agree to this aſſertion, my dear Matilda; I am happy, ſo very happy that I cannot deſcribe my ſenſations; you will ceaſe to wonder at my incoherent raptures, when I tell you Percy is returned well, and covered with laurels.

He arrived laſt night. After our firſt tranſports were a little ſubſided, I obſerved that he was accompanied by a ſtranger of noble appearance; he preſented him to my mother and me, by the title of Lord Glendore.

"To this generous friend do I owe (he ſaid) the happineſs of the preſent

preſent moment; but for his brave exertions I had long ſince been numbered with the dead.

"Join with me, my dear madam, and you my Auguſta, in paying back, in a ſmall degree, the mighty debt of gratitude I owe him."

Lord Glendore ſtopped theſe effuſions, and addreſſed us with the higheſt politeneſs.

He is to be our gueſt for ſome time, and we are highly charmed with him.

Our

Our attention for that night was wholly taken up, hearing the dangers they had encountered.

Heaven ſhield us from war! I tremble at the bare idea of it; though theſe Lords of the creation laugh at womaniſh fears, and boldly brave all perils for the love of their country.

After all, my dear Mrs. Herbert, nothing engages our admiration more forcibly than bravery.

I am delighted with this Lord Glendore; and ſo I told Percy, who

who thanked me for it, and aſſured me his friend merited all my eſteem.

Nothing is heard but rejoicing, and the people vie with each other in giving ſplendid entertainments.

We have half a hundred invitations already; Percy would willingly decline them, but we will not permit him.

My heart ſhall not contain one uneaſy thought, I am determined.

I will

I will not, therefore, allow myſelf to obſerve the melancholy which my brother endeavours to conceal.

Several new ſtars are come among us, but the brighteſt of them is the beautiful Marchioneſs of Lothian. I am ſorry to ſay ſhe is the wife of that unworthy man, who has occaſioned all your ſorrows; and if the mention of his name reminds you of paſt misfortunes, forgive me.

She is the envy of all the women, and of courſe the men are enrap-

tured with her: Indeed I never beheld ſo lovely a creature; to ſay ſhe is beautiful is nothing; there are a thouſand handſome women, but there is a charm in her every word and action, that cannot be deſcribed.

Her perſon is tall, and moſt exactly proportioned; her eyes large, black, and full of ſweetneſs; her hair of the darkeſt auburn, and it falls in a profuſion of natural ringlets; her noſe is aquiline; and her eye-brows, mouth, and teeth, equally handſome.

Is

Is ſhe not charming? and yet I am not ſatisfied with my portrait: Joined to theſe external beauties, ſhe has great good ſenſe, and elegant manners: Her voice is remarkably harmonious, yet there is a melancholy cadence in its ſound that ſeems to inform you the heart of the ſpeaker is ill at eaſe; indeed there is a penſiveneſs in her air, that confirms me in that opinion.

I have frequently met her, and ſhe always honours me with her attention: I mean to ſurpriſe our beaus by the ſight of this lovely woman.

Am I not a good creature to ſend you ſuch a long epiſtle, when I have a multiplicity of engagements? To tell you the truth, though few of them intereſt me half ſo much, as I am, with the moſt perfect eſteem,

My dear Matilda's

Faithfully affectionate,

AUGUSTA PERCY.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

LADY ANN HOWARD

TO THE

MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN.

Owen Caſtle.

MY amiable Marchioneſs, how can I ſufficiently thank you! To your kindneſs am I indebted for the recovery of Lord Saliſbury's

affection, which is to me an inestimable treasure.

What an exalted heart is your's! Ever active in the service of your friends, your own chagrins are forgot in your solicitude to relieve theirs.

Lord Salisbury has written to me; he will not wait my answer, but is already on his journey hither.

I will own to you I am happy beyond measure, in finding I was not

not deceived, when I conſidered him as worthy of my tendereſt affection. Your letter found me deploring the unhappy fate of Cecilia Mordaunt, who bad adieu to all her cares a few days ago; her mother is almoſt inconſolable for her loſs, and her regrets muſt be embittered by the conſciouſneſs of having acted with duplicity and unkindneſs towards one of the moſt dutiful of children.

My uncle is ſtill extremely indiſpoſed, but his phyſicians give us hopes of his recovery. Our return to London is yet very uncertain. I long to thank you in perſon for

your kindneſs, and to give you freſh aſſurances of the unabated friendſhip of,

Dear Eliza, your

ANN HOWARD.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

Groſvenor Square.

WHEN I laſt wrote to you, my dear Lady Ann, I was chearful, nay, almoſt happy; the ſun-beam of tranquillity was ſhort, and I am again miſerable.

I yeſterday attended a concert given by Lady Herbert; the performers I knew were inimitable, and I contrived to place myſelf in a ſituation the leaſt conſpicuous, that I might be at liberty to attend to them. After the muſic ceaſed, I was converſing with ſome of my acquaintance, when Lady Auguſta Percy caught me by the arm—

"I am rejoiced to ſee you," ſhe exclaimed, "and Lord Glendore is dying with impatience to be introduced to you: Come my Lord, this is the charming friend I mentioned to you this morning!

ing! and this, my dear Marchioneſs, is Lord Glendore! I have much to tell you concerning him, but I muſt leave you for a moment: My Lord, I am going in ſearch of your inſenſible friend, though I confeſs, he ſcarcely deſerves the happineſs I mean to procure him."

She left us, and his Lordſhip remained with me. He is a ſenſible agreeable man; and we had entered into converſation, when Lady Auguſta interrupted us, by preſenting to me another object that I ought never more to have beheld! My friend, it was Percy!

"Ah, Percy!" I involuntarily exclaimed, while my trembling limbs ſcarcely could ſupport me.

"Great God! is it poſſible!" cried he, "Do I behold in the Marchioneſs of Lothian Eliza St. Julian? Cruel woman! Is it thus we meet!"

I heard no more, my ſenſes and ſpirits forſook me; when I recovered, I found myſelf ſupported by Lady Auguſta Percy; grief and aſtoniſhment were depicted in her looks; ſhe tenderly enquired after my health, I anſwered

ſwered that I was better, and earneſtly entreated that I might return: I caſt around my eyes with a fearful look—Lady Auguſta gueſſed their meaning, ſhe whiſpered to me—

"My brother has retired; Lady Herbert and the reſt of the company are diſtreſſed by your fainting, and attribute it to the exceſſive heat of the apartments. Would to Heaven I might be permitted to accompany you home! I am ſure you are very ill: My ſweet friend, be careful of yourſelf!"

She

She kindly preſſed my hand; my looks ſpoke my thanks; ſpeech was denied me; I aroſe, and leaning on the arm of Lord Herbert, reached my carriage. I found the Marquis upon my return exceedingly out of humour; his law-ſuit perplexed him, and he vented his chagrin upon me: My ſpirits were too weak to ſupport it, and I burſt into tears; far from being ſoftened, my grief encreaſed his paſſion; he accuſed me of art, affectation, and a thouſand other bad qualities; till unable longer to endure ſuch unmerited reproaches, I left

I left him, and retired to bed: Unable to reſt, I aroſe to pour forth my ſorrows to you. I am ſick at heart, my friend; this unexpected meeting has broken my peace for ever.

Percy thinks me ungrateful and perfidious!

Alas! he little knows the motives that urged me forward; little is he acquainted with my miſeries, nor do I wiſh he ſhould; the knowledge of them would only render him unhappy; and that every good may attend him, is my fervent prayer!

I can

I can write no more; my head achs, my hand trembles.

Farewell, my beloved friend,

ELIZA LOTHIAN.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

LADY AUGUSTA PERCY

TO

MRS. HERBERT.

Portman Square.

MY dear Mrs. Herbert, in my laſt I informed you of the ſtrange ſcene that had paſſed at Lady Herbert's; I told you the beautiful Marchioneſs had all my pity;

pity; ſhe before poſſeſſed my admiration and eſteem; but, I confeſs, thoſe favourable ſentiments are greatly diminiſhed ſince I have heard, that regardleſs of the vows ſhe had made to the almoſt adoring Percy, ſoon after his leaving England, ſhe willingly conſented to become the wife of the Marquis of Lothian.

What could be her motive? For that ſhe loves my brother is moſt certain; every look and action at that unfortunate meeting, declared their paſſion was mutual. I am miſerable about my beloved Percy; no language can deſcribe

deſcribe his agonies; one minute he raves, accuſes her of inconſtancy, artifice, and cruelty; the next moment he upbraids himſelf for injuring her even in thought; in ſhort, his diſtreſs would move the moſt obdurate heart: Judge then what I ſuffer! His friend, Lord Glendore, endeavoured to aſſiſt me in mitigating his grief; but all our efforts were fruitleſs; he requeſted we would oblige him by deſiſting from them; it pained him to hear us, and that if we perſiſted in it, we ſhould oblige him to quit us; this has impoſed ſilence upon us.

You

You would be pleaſed with the ſenſibility of Lord Glendore; his character each day diſcovers ſome new charm, and I feel for him ſentiments of the moſt lively gratitude.

He declares his obligations to me are infinite; that till our acquaintance he knew not that he had a heart to loſe, but that I have convinced him to the contrary, and he is proud of the diſcovery.

I have told him ſuch melancholy proofs as we now have of

of the miſeries cauſed by love, are ſufficient to deter any rational being from forming an attachment; but he has the advantage over me in rhetorick, and ſubverts all my arguments.

My unhappy brother is his advocate, and declares that our union will ſoften the rigour of his fate; and if any thing can reſtore his long loſt tranquillity, it muſt be that event. What can I ſay? How can I act thus circumſtanced? My mother too joins them: To free myſelf from their perſecutions, I think I muſt conſent to oblige them.

I will

I will continue to inform you of every thing that relates to us. Farewell! my dear Mrs. Herbert, consider me as your

Sincerely affectionate friend,

AUGUSTA PERCY.

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

Grosvenor Square.

I HAVE been very ill, my dear friend! A violent fever brought me almost to the verge of the grave; but that happy asylum for the miserable, is

as

as yet denied me, and I am recovered to drag on a life of wretchedneſs. The Marquis paid me not ſo much attention as might have been expected from the paſſion he once profeſſed for me: Since my recovery, I ventured to expreſs a wiſh of being permitted to return to Haldamore; my requeſt was peremptorily refuſed; and the refuſal conveyed with a harſhneſs that filled my eyes with tears.

I took an airing in Hyde-Park yeſterday morning; Lady Auguſta Percy accompanied by her brother, and Lord Glendore, paſſed me

on

on horſeback; Percy ſtarted at the ſight of me, and his pale cheek was ſuffuſed with the deepeſt glow; he bowed profoundly low, with an air of the moſt frigid coldneſs: I thought too, Lady Auguſta's ſalute was far leſs kind than uſual; I have loſt her eſteem, and ſhe accuſes me as the deſtroyer of her brother's happineſs.

Amiable woman, I dare not diſcloſe to thee my ſad hiſtory! My father is far from well; this adds to my ſorrow, and the Marquis will not allow me to endeavour to mitigate his pains by my dutiful attentions: His law-ſuit is yet un-

determined, and he will not leave town, or permit me to do it, till that buſineſs is concluded.

I am going to the opera with the Dutcheſs of Bolton, and afterwards to a ſupper at her houſe to night, much againſt my inclination, for my health and ſpirits render me moſt unfit to partake of the gaieties I am compelled to engage in. I will not cloſe my letter till after my return.

In

In Continuation.

I went out laſt night with a trembling heart; indeed I am conſtantly apprehenſive, alarmed, and agitated, yet unable to tell why: Sure no ſtate was ever more unpleaſant!

The Dutcheſs of Bolton called for me to accompany her to the opera; ſhe deſired me to ſave a place between herſelf and me, for one of her favourites, who, ſhe ſaid, was not only the handſomeſt, but the moſt accompliſhed youth ſhe ever knew.

The opera begun—you know my paſſion for muſic and will not wonder my attention was fully engroſſed; the jarring paſſions of my ſoul were lulled to reſt by the powers of harmony, and I was liſtening to a beautiful pathetic air with a mind tranquil and ſerene, when the appearance of Percy, who

who advanced to take poſſeſſion of the vacant ſeat, diſpelled the charm: Good God! what were my emotions! His were no leſs violent, and he would have declined the proffered favour of the Dutcheſs, had ſhe not in a manner compelled him to accept it.

She ſeemed rejoiced to ſee him, and was about to introduce him to me, but he ſtopped her by ſaying—

"He had before enjoyed the honour of being made known to me."

I heard the ſigh of anguiſh rend his boſom; mine reverberated the mournful ſound.

"I mean to engage the Marchioneſs to unite her powers with mine, to raiſe your ſpirits, my Lord:" ſaid the Dutcheſs, "What is become of that wonted gaiety that once delighted your friends, and thoſe lively ſallies of humour that forced a ſmile from the moſt gloomy miſanthrope? I will poſitively bring you to confeſſion this evening, as I have the promiſe of your company to ſupper, and I know you are ſtill too gallant to break your word with a Lady."

"I will

"I will not follow the example of your cruel ſex," replied he, "who promiſe, but to deceive; ſmile, but to deſtroy; and ——

"Stop," cried the Dutcheſs, interrupting him, "I ſwear you muſt be in love, you are ſo abſent: Why you ſurely forget you are at this moment addreſſing yourſelf to one of that ſex, that you ſo unmercifully rail againſt? I will not hear another word till you are in a better humour, and truly penitent for your offence."

Percy turned towards me—

"Will you not confeſs, Madam," he ſaid, "I have reaſon for the accuſation? I appeal to *your* heart for my acquittal."

It was in vain I tried to reply, my tongue refuſed its office; Percy regarded me with a look of contempt.

"Your ſilence aſſures me, Madam, of your acquieſcence," he added.

I pulled out my handkerchief to hide the tears that ruſhed into my

my eyes. Percy addreſſed himſelf to the Dutcheſs, and I again ventured to look up; the firſt object that preſented itſelf, was my huſband, who, from an oppoſite box, was watching me with the ſtricteſt attention; I thought I ſhould have ſunk from my ſeat; convinced of his unhappy propenſity to ſuſpicion, and that he was acquainted with my fatal partiality, my mind preſaged to me the ſtorm which threatened; I ſat like a criminal for the remainder of the performance, not daring to lift up my eyes.

Percy offered his hand to the Dutcheſs, and ſhe in a manner dragged him after her into the coach.

I entreated ſhe would diſpenſe with my company at ſupper, that I was ſtill an invalid, and felt myſelf quite fatigued and exhauſted.

But vain were my words, ſhe would take no denial; ſhe was in high ſpirits, and rallied both Percy and me upon our gravity.

"I would adviſe you, my Lord," ſhe ſaid, "to make the Marchioneſs

Marchioneſs your confidant, ſhe is all ſoftneſs, and ſweet ſenſibility; ſhe will liſten to your woes, and give to them her tears; for that you have met with ſome dire misfortune is viſible from your dolorous countenance."

"Far would it be from me, Madam," he anſwered, "to attempt to embitter the felicity her Ladyſhip enjoys, if my ſituation was ſuch as you deſcribe; but believe me it is quite otherwiſe, I have reaſon to rejoice, inſtead of lamenting at my deſtiny."

"You are a ſtrange mortal," ſhe returned; "I know not what to make of you, and will puzzle myſelf no longer."

We ſoon reached Groſvenor Square: Percy led me from the carriage, and I felt the tremulous motion of his hand as he conducted me up to the drawing-room: We found a large company had arrived before us from the opera; Lady Auguſta Percy was among the number; ſhe did me the favour to enquire after my health, and expreſs her pleaſure at my recovery; yet ſtill her man-

manner was more formal, and leſs affectionate than uſual.

I was obliged to feign a chearfulneſs foreign to my heart, and appear to liſten with pleaſure to unintereſting converſation, and tireſome aſſiduities. I was one of the firſt who retired.

The Marquis was at home when I returned; his countenance informed me what I had to expect, and he ſoon convinced me I was right in my conjecture: He was not contented with accuſing me

of

of a crime too dreadful for me to repeat, but the Dutcheſs of Bolton was included in the charge; he called her a vile procureſs and the abettor of infamy; ſwore if I perſiſted in viſiting her, I ſhould be confined to my chamber.

I aſſured him I would willingly promiſe to become a voluntary priſoner in his houſe, if that would content him. But he raved at my art, as he called it, and told me I ſhould not have an opportunity of indulging my amourous ideas, by remaining alone.

In

In vain were all my arguments, to convince him of the cruelty, as well as injuſtice of his accuſations; but the winds of Heaven were not more deaf than he.

At laſt he was tired of abuſing me, and we retired to our apartments.

I could not ſleep, and aroſe at an early hour to impart my griefs to you.

The Marquis threatens to write to my father: Though conſcious of my innocence, yet this menace makes

makes me tremble, as I know what my dear parent would ſuffer at having the honour of his child ſuſpected, and Percy named as her paramour. Adieu, my ſweet friend! Good angels guard you! prays your

ELIZA LOTHIAN.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

LADY AUGUSTA PERCY

TO

MRS. HERBERT.

Portman Square.

YOU are addreſſed for the laſt time by Auguſta Percy, my dear friend; but I hope the change of her name will effect no alteration in your friendſhip;

ſhip; and that the wife of the deſerving Lord Glendore will ever occupy one of the firſt places in your valuable heart.

Thurſday is fixed for the ſolemnization of a marriage of which the auſpices are moſt happy; yet they were equally ſo in yours, dear Matilda, and how unfortunate has been your fate! But I will not indulge the mournful train of reflections which would fain be admitted, nor anticipate evils which, Heaven grant, may never attend me.

The

The Marchioneſs of Lothian has been confined for ſome weeks by illneſs, but is now recovered, and as beautiful as ever. My brother met her the other evening at the opera, and ſupped with her at the Dutcheſs of Bolton's: I felt for them both, as I never ſaw ſtronger marks of uneaſineſs depicted on any countenance than upon theirs, yet ſhe appeared uncommonly lovely; her dreſs was elegantly fancied, her robe of white ſattin fringed with gold, claſped round the waiſt with diamonds; her hair without powder, hanging in ringlets below her waiſt, and at the top, ornamented with

with a wreath of white roſes, and a diamond feather. I ſaw the eyes of Percy more than once fixed upon her in a mournful attention, and upon our return he accompanied me to my dreſſing-room, and related to me the entire hiſtory of their diſaſtrous loves. I ſhed many tears at the ſad recital, and deplored with him, that a character once ſo perfect ſhould be ſo deformed by caprice and inconſtancy; for that her marriage with the Marquis was entirely the reſult of her own choice is well known; indeed he takes care to publiſh it.

I had

I had a letter the other day from Lady Helen Stanley; ſhe tells me Sir William Muſgrave is with them, and grown ſo importunate, that ſhe begins to think it will be impoſſible to ſay *No* much longer; ſo I ſuppoſe ſhe will ſoon follow my example.

My brother had a whimſical conference the other day with Sir Thomas Powis: This old Gentleman has two daughters, very good ſort of girls, but neither remarkable for their ſenſe or beauty: The partiality of a parent overlooks defects viſible to every other be-

beholder, and he formed the wiſe plan of uniting one of them with Percy; he accordingly begged to be favoured with an hour's converſation with him, and after a very ſhort preface, propoſed the matter to him, ſetting forth the accompliſhments and good qualities of his girls, and the ſplendid fortunes he was able to give them. My brother was much aſtoniſhed by this unexpected propoſal, and conveyed his refuſal in the moſt obliging terms he was able; but the pride of the old Gentleman was not a little piqued, and he queſtioned Percy ſo very cloſely concerning the motives of his refuſal, that

that nothing could exceed his perplexity.

This made Sir William conclude, he began to waver, and by way of fixing him, he ſummoned the poor girls to appear, that the charms of one of them might plead more effectually than all he could urge; he made them play upon the harpſichord, ſing, exhibit their drawings, &c. &c. and then without ceremony, aſked my brother, if he had ſtill any objections to offer againſt being his ſon-in-law; the girls looked fooliſh; my brother ſtammered out ſomething about being ſenſible

ſenſible of the honour, happineſs, &c. that was offered him; was ſorry, he could not avail himſelf of it, affections were involuntary, &c. and ſo departed, gad to be releaſed from ſuch troubleſome company, as you doubtleſs will from my tireſome ſcrawl.

Lord Glendore reminds me of my promiſe to ride with him this morning.

Adieu! Adieu!

Believe me ever affectionately
Your's,

AUGUSTA PERCY.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

St. Julian's Abbey.

I Stayed at home four days after the cruel reproaches of the Marquis; indeed it was my intention to have perſevered in this plan of conduct, but un-

fortunately it met with his diſapprobation, and he inſiſted upon my accompanying Lady Herbert to the play. I have reaſon to believe he watched my motions, as I ſaw a perſon much reſembling him, muffled up in a large coat, whoſe eyes were perpetually upon me. The houſe was uncommonly crouded, and the heat ſo inſufferable, that I found myſelf unable to ſupport it; and apologizing to Lady Herbert for quitting her party, I gave my hand to her Lord, who led me to my chair: I believe the ſervants were intoxicated, for a carriage haſtily approaching, as they were croſ-

ſing

ſing a ſtreet, they endeavoured to quicken their pace, and one of them fell; the chair was overturned, and a ſide glaſs broke into a thouſand pieces; I ſcreamed violently; a gentleman from the carriage called loudly for it to ſtop, and opening the chair, took me out in his arms; the blood ſtreamed from my forehead and arm, which were cut by the broken glaſs; I was nearly fainting; and when by the light of the flambeaus I diſcovered that it was no other than Percy who ſupported me, my ſenſes entirely forſook me; upon recovering, I found myſelf in a ſmall apartment, ſur-

rounded by ſeveral women, who joined their charitable efforts to reſtore me, with thoſe of Percy: All that tenderneſs which he once profeſsed in happier days was reſumed, and he anxiouſly enquired after my health; he held my wounded arm which he had bound with his handkerchief.

Oh, duty! Oh, love! how powerful were thy ſtruggles; but the former conquered!

I coldly aſſured him, how much I was obliged and honoured by his attention to me, that I was entirely recovered, and had only

to

to entreat that he would order one of the ſervants to call me a chair, as the Marquis ſupped at home, and would be uneaſy at my abſence. The tenderneſs of Percy vaniſhed at that name; he congratulated me with a coldneſs far exceeding mine, upon my recovery, and inſtantly diſpatched orders for a chair: I waited half an hour, and none could be procured; I was, therefore, under a neceſſity of accepting his chariot.

He handed me to it, and bowing profoundly, wiſhed me good night; at that moment I

perceived the ſame figure paſs by, whom I had obſerved at the play; this added to my terrors and uneaſineſs, and upon reaching home I again fainted: Would to God, I had never recovered from that bliſsful inſenſibility, for the ſcene that followed was agony; I beheld my huſband pale, and agitated by the moſt violent fury.

"I have at laſt diſcovered thee, vileſt of women!" he cried, "but your deep laid artifices ſhall not avail; this moment will I remove you for ever from the object of your guilty paſſion."

He

He rang the bell, and ordered the travelling chaiſe inſtantly to be got ready—into which he dragged, rather than led me. The night was dark and rainy, and my companion gloomy and ſilent; we travelled all that night, and the next day, at the cloſe of which, I found myſelf near the venerable Abbey of St. Julian. I paſſed through thoſe woods, where many a moment had been ſweetly ſpent; but now how ſad the reverſe! the carriage ſtopt; the venerable Martin, who has grown grey in the ſervice of his maſter, attended; he uttered a cry at the ſight of me; indeed

my appearance would have inſpired any one with terror: My cloaths were ſtained with blood; my forehead much wounded, and the handkerchief of Percy ſtill bound my arm: My ſucceſſive faintings and want of reſt had weakened me ſo much I could not walk up to the houſe without ſupport.

"Alas!" ſaid the good old man, "that I ſhould live to ſee this day! and in my old age have to follow to the grave the two whom I moſt honour and love."

"And

"And is my father dead?" I cried.

"No, Madam," he returned, "but he is very ill indeed, and I fear you are little better yourſelf."

"If you have the ſmalleſt ſpark of humanity," ſaid I, in a faint voice to the Marquis, "Do not embitter the laſt moments of that departing ſaint, by your unworthy accuſations."

He replied not, but by a ſullen ſmile; and we ſent Martin to prepare my father for our reception;

he ſoon returned and conducted us to his apartment; we found him reclined on a couch, pale, languid, and emaciated.

"My children," he ſaid, "how kind is this to bleſs me with your preſence, while I am capable of beholding you; but ah! what means this dreadful ſight? Speak to me, my Eliza, convince your poor father that his tottering reaſon has not totally deſerted him, and that it is indeed his child who ſtands before him!"

"She is unworthy of the name," interrupted my huſband; "her ſoul

ſoul and body are both polluted by that villain Percy."

"Wretch!" exclaimed my poor father, raiſing his enfeebled frame from the couch, "I am a weak old man, worn down by age and affliction; unnerved is my arm, or I would puniſh thee for daring to ſully the ſpotleſs fame of my beloved Eliza. Oh! my daughter, (he added) do not curſe thy expiring father, who now, with a repentant heart, confeſſes that the tale of wretchedneſs, which worked upon thy gentle nature, and compelled thee to doom thyſelf for ever to miſery, was forged by this

unworthy Lord. Oh! how ſincere is my contrition! Tell me, then, my Eliza, you pardon; ſoothe the few ſhort moments that remain for me, with this aſſurance."

During the concluſion of this ſpeech, the Marquis left the room.

I threw myſelf into the arms of my father, I conjured him to live for me, and not to leave me unprotected, and expoſed to the cruelty of the Marquis.

He

He fainted in my arms, I thought he was dying, and called loudly for help; by the aſſiſtance of reſtoratives he revived. He was put to bed, and I inſiſted upon watching by him during the night; in vain did he urge me to take ſome reſt; convinced of the impoſſibility of it, I perſiſted in my refuſal, and having obtained a change of apparel, and taken ſome refreſhment, I returned to his chamber, and found him in a ſweet ſleep; I therefore ordered the implements for writing to be brought to me; he ſtill ſlumbered, and I will not diſpatch this to you till to-morrow evening; perhaps

Heaven

Heaven, in compaſſion to my woes, may ſpare me, for a few more years, my only bleſſing!

My aching hand is unable longer to guide the pen.

In

In Continuation.

MY dear parent is better; he awaked much refreſhed, and ſeeing me, he tenderly called me to his bed-ſide, and preſſing my hand to his lips—

"Eliza,"

"Eliza," he ſaid, "you are too kind and good, too dutiful a daughter! You merit a happier fate! But, alas! I have not now the power to remedy the ills I have cauſed; you have pardoned me, and may the Almighty ſend you peace and comfort from above. I am anxious to hear every particular of the late indignity you have received from your huſband, being to well convinced of your worth, to harbour, even for a moment, one thought of your departing from the path of rectitude; therefore unboſom yourſelf to me, my child, that the ſoothing counſels of thy father

may

may relieve, in ſome degree, thy ſorrow."

I thanked him a thouſand times for his goodneſs, and abhorring the idea of concealment, I related to him every thought of my heart ſince the fatal ſcene of Percy's diſmiſſion from the Abbey; he liſtened to me with attention, and even ſhed tears during my recital.

"My father," I added, "I am unfortunate, but I truſt not guilty; more fully to convince you of this, Lady Ann Howard ſhall return to me all the letters I have

have written ſince that fatal period, and which I know are in her poſſeſſion: You will pardon in them ſome expreſſions that eſcaped me, while my heart was nearly ſinking under its ſorrows."

We were interrupted in this intereſting converſation, by a meſſage from the Marquis, with a enquiry after the health of Lord St. Julian. My father begged to ſee him.

"Eliza," he ſaid, "as he *is* your huſband, will not it be better

better to blot from our remembrance his paſt offences; to endeavour to convince him of his errors, and lay the foundation of his future kindneſs? Leave us together, my beſt beloved; I am ſo much better that I can bear to reaſon with him."

I obeyed, and immediately ſat down to communicate the pleaſing news to you.

Do not omit ſending to me the letters. Join your prayers with

with mine for the ſpeedy recovery of my dear father, and believe me to be,

My beloved Lady Ann,

Ever your devoted,

ELIZA LOTHIAN.

LE T-

LETTER XLVII.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

St. Julian's Abbey.

MY father is dead, and I have not ſhed a tear! Yes, my friend, I have viewed his lifeleſs corpſe, I have preſſed his cold hand to my heart, and my eyes are

are dry: Perhaps their ſources, are already drained. My head burns; my ſenſes are diſordered; I ſcarce know what I write: Perhaps the grave requires another victim. I am prepared thou King of Terrors to meet thee with raptures! Oh! receive me, I am ſick of life! My pen drops!

Farewell!

ELIZA LOTHIAN.

LET-

LETTER XLVIII.

LADY GLENDORE

TO

MRS. HERBERT.

Glendore Houſe.

I Thank you, my dear Matilda, for your kind congratulations; and I hope your good wiſhes will be accompliſhed. Indeed my proſpects are moſt happy. In

Lord

Lord Glendore I poſſeſs an affectionate huſband, a tender friend, and ſenſible companion. I heartily wiſh my brother was as happily married; but I fear that event is far diſtant; he kindly aſſumed a chearfulneſs in his manner to grace our nuptials, which he declared made him more happy than any circumſtance that could now befall him.

My bride-maids were the Miſs Dormers; two very elegant and agreeable girls; they have accompanied us to Glendore-Houſe, and my dear mother has alſo honoured us with her preſence.

ſence. I am charmed with every thing around me; nothing can poſſibly be more ſuperb than the houſe; and both art and nature have combined to render the grounds delightful.

We have had a multiplicity of viſitors; ſome of them curious enough, and mighty diverting to the Miſſes. Harriot Dormer, who is the youngeſt, and all life and vivacity, has already made a conqueſt of a young fox-hunter of large eſtate, but moſt uncouth manners, who reſides about the diſtance of two miles from hence.

The playful girl encourages him one hour, and drives him from her the next; and if Emily chides her for her levity, ſhe has ſuch a fund of archneſs and good nature, that her replies always produce from us a hearty laugh, and it is impoſſible to remain angry with her. I am ſorry theſe agreeable girls can only paſs another fortnight with me, as they are obliged to attend Lady Dormer in an excurtion to Wales. But I have a friend whoſe ſociety would amply conſole me for the loſs, if my arguments could have ſufficient weight with her to draw her

to

to me; you will eaſily gueſs—the name of this dear obdurate is Matilda Herbert.

Adieu,

AUGUSTA GLENDORE.

LETTER XLIX.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

St. Julian's Abbey.

MY laſt incoherent ſcrawl has filled you with alarms; I am convinced your heart trembles wtih apprehenſions; and I am anxious to ſeize the firſt moment of

of returning ſtrength, to tell you I yet ſurvive my departed parent—yet linger out a wretched exiſtence.

Flattered by the fond hope that my beloved father was recovering; after ſending off my packet to you, I threw myſelf on a couch, and tired nature being quite exhauſted, I fell into a profound ſleep, from which I was awakened by a piercing cry; haſtily ſtarting up, my feet mechanically turned towards the chamber of my father; the door was open, I entered—what a ſight! No more could I be addreſſed by the en-

dearing name of daughter; the lips that might have uttered it were closed for ever.

Martin was weeping over the body; even the Marquis seemed affected; I threw myself by the lifeless corpse; I called upon my father, conjuring him to make me the companion of his passage to eternity! I kissed his cold hand, yet not a tear escaped me; they led me from the chamber; I called them cruel to divide me from my treasure, yet I was passive; I then addressed myself to you; I had scarce power to conclude

clude the letter; I am now almoſt ignorant of its contents, and what afterwards paſſed, for my reaſon forſook me; I have ſince heard I continued in a ſtupor three days, at the expiration of which, I fell into ſucceſſive faintings; my recovery was not expected, but alas! they were miſtaken, and I am now able to leave my bed, and walk to my dreſſing-room.

The Marquis has been tolerably kind to me; he yeſterday told me, his laſt converſation with my father had cleared up the ſuſpicions which had given him ſuch uneaſi-

neſs, and that he hoped we ſhould be happy; he added how greatly he was ſhocked by the ſudden alteration which took place in the countenance of Lord St. Julian as he concluded a prayer for our felicity; the bleſſing faltered on his tongue, and he expired.

Happy father! Unfortunate Eliza! Yet ſurely, my dear friend, the repeated ſhocks my conſtitution has endured, muſt have undermined the foundation: I will not tell you half the comfort this idea affords me, becauſe I am ſenſible it will pain the moſt

friendly

friendly heart that ever warmed a human boſom.

I flatter myſelf that my laſt letter reached you before a meſſenger was diſpatched with the requeſted packet, as I have never received it, and it's contents are ſo important that I am anxious to be informed all is ſafe.

I am yet too weak to write a long letter.

Let me hear when Lord Saliſbury is to be made happy,

that I may offer to you the ſincere congratulations of your warmly devoted friend,

ELIZA LOTHIAN.

LET-

LETTER L.

LADY ANN HOWARD

TO

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN.

Owen Caſtle.

I Share all your ſorrows, my deareſt Eliza, and my tears have not yet ceaſed to flow for your ſufferings. Why am I deſtined to encreaſe them, by an informa-

tion which makes me tremble? But it muſt be ſo; and it is neceſſary you ſhould be informed; the domeſtic to whoſe care I entruſted that packet, about which you are ſo anxious, returned but laſt night, and brought the news of his being attacked by robbers, who ſtripped him of every thing, and left him for dead; that by the humanity of ſome peaſants he was preſerved from periſhing, and enabled him to return with this ſad relation.

Into whoſe hands the packet may have fallen is a myſtery not to be unravelled: But do not afflict yourſelf,

yourſelf, you have nothing to fear; the effuſions of an unfortunate, but noble heart, whatever eye they meet, can raiſe no ſentiments but admiration and pity: But hold! I except the Marquis, and it is impoſſible they ſhould ever be in his poſſeſſion.

My uncle has breathed his laſt, and we are preparing to leave Wales.

Lord Saliſbury has aſſiſted us in the unpleaſing buſineſs of performing the laſt mournful rites to our departed relation, and ſettling pecuniary concerns.

He

He has bequeathed me a noble inheritance. I ſhould conſider myſelf too rich, my Eliza, were it not for the opportunities that daily preſent themſelves of rendering others happy by partaking of my abundance: It is a ſweet employment, and I know was ever particularly grateful to you.

As for marriage I cannot yet think of it; my heart is too full of ſorrow to permit my face to wear the ſmile of happineſs, which would become the bride of the amiable Saliſbury; beſides, the recent death of my uncle is another obſtacle.

His

His Lordſhip ſays every thing that can be ſaid to induce me to a ſpeedy marriage. He at this moment enters; I inform him to whom I write; he conjures me to expreſs for him every thing that is kind to the lovely cauſe of his preſent felicity; he is diſſatisfied. I have not ſaid half enough of gratitude, eſteem, &c. I refuſe to add another line, but that I am,

My Eliza's moſt affectionate,

ANN HOWARD.

LET-

LETTER LI.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

St. Julian's Abbey.

TO what trials am I reſerved! and how long will my enfeebled frame ſupport the hard blows of deſtiny! I will try to relate the ſcene which has juſt paſſed,

paſſed, and then you may form ſome faint idea of my agitation.

To diſpel the gloomy thoughts which your laſt letter inſpired, I reſolved for the firſt time, ſince my recovery, to viſit thoſe walks where my happieſt hours had been ſpent. I wandered ſlowly on, ſometimes reſting upon the ſeats which preſented themſelves, till I at laſt reached the little temple, in the middle of the north wood; this lovely, but ſolitary ſpot, was ever my favourite retreat; with my own hand I planted the eglantine and jaſmine, which now in wild luxuriance nearly covers the

the front of the building. A venerable oak grows near; upon it's bark Percy had formerly engraven the names of Eliza and Courtnay; involuntarily I ſtopped to behold this memento of his affection, and a ſilent tear dropped from my eye: I paſſed on, but my heart received a ſecond ſhock upon entering the temple. You are not ignorant Percy excells in the art of painting; he had exerted all his powers to decorate the retreat of Eliza (as he would term it); the ſubject of the piece was a father joining the hands of two lovers, while Hymen and Cupid ſcattered roſes at their feet:

Nothing

Nothing can be ſtronger than the likeneſs of each figure to the happy trio; the ſight nearly overpowered me.

"Oh, my father!" I cried, "Why was not this ſcene realized! What miſery had been prevented! I ſhould not now deplore the loſs of a parent hurried by ſorrow to his tomb; I ſhould not now weep for the unkindneſs of a huſband; the grief and diſappointment of the moſt exalted of lovers; and offer up to Heaven the prayers of a broken heart for a releaſe from a world of ſorrow!"

"Thou

"Thou dear unfortunate!" exclaimed a well-known voice, "ceaſe theſe ſoul exclamations."

I uttered a cry of horror; for alas! Lady Ann, at my feet I beheld Percy.

"What means this intruſion?" I cried, "My Lord, this poſture ill becomes you; you ſurely forget 'tis no longer Eliza St. Julian whom you addreſs."

I was retiring, but he caught my robe, and ſaid—

"Spare

"Spare me but one half-hour, deareſt of women; I ſwear to you the thoughts of Angels are not more pure than mine. You well know with what enthuſiaſm I loved you; but you are yet ignorant that my heart, even for a moment, never ceaſed to regard you as its deareſt hope. You have been miſled by the forgeries of that villain who diſgraces his rank; on your humanity, your filial tenderneſs, he formed his laſt fatal project; it ſucceeded, and we are miſerable! Oh, Eliza!" he added, "were you but happy; could my heart's beſt blood enſure

but

but your felicity, how freely for your ſake ſhould it be ſhed!

At that moment I heard the ſound of voices approaching.

"For the love of Heaven," I cried, "depart, unleſs you mean to plunge me in everlaſting wretchedneſs! Blaſt not my fair fame; 'tis the only treaſure the malice of fortune has left me!"

He ſtill held me.

"Eliza," he ſaid, "I muſt ſee you again; promiſe to meet me when night has ſpread her ſable

ſable curtain o'er the earth, and I will this inſtant leave you; otherwiſe, by the great God I ſwear, I will wait the approach of this formidable huſband; I will aſſert my prior claim, and free you from his tyranny, or periſh!"

My heart thrilled with horror at his words.

"Do not deprive me of my ſenſes," I cried; "leave me I conjure you; I will ſee you again, but not to night."

"Then

"Then we meet no more!" he exclaimed, "for to-morrow I bid adieu to England: Promiſe, in the face of Heaven, to grant my requeſt; again I repeat, your own ſoul is not purer than mine: Do you then promiſe?"

"I do! I do!" cried I, the noiſe ſtill increaſing, "I here vow to meet you; begone, or I am ruined beyond redemption!"

"I obey!" he anſwered, and gliding through the trees, an inſtant bore him from my ſight.

I had

I had not time to recover from terror and and agitation, when the Marquis approached, he was accompanied by another gentleman an entire ſtranger to me. The Marquis obſerved me attentively, and enquired if I was ill, I anſwered my walk had fatigued me, that I had been ſeized with a faintneſs, but was now better, and would return with him to the houſe. During our walk, he told me, he ſhould depart after dinner, and be abſent till to morrow—I am glad of it, for I moſt ſincerely deplore the neceſſity I am under of meeting Percy, yet as my word is paſſed, I cannot retract it: Do not

me. So urged, ſo terrified, how could I refuſe! and what would have been the conſequence? Oh horrible!

LET-

LETTER LII.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

St. Julian's Abbey.

THE laſt letter was ſcarcely diſpatched, my dear Lady Ann, for I would not miſs the Poſt, when my huſband, whom I had already ſuppoſed at a diſtance,

came into my dreſſing-room, and in a ſort of malignant triumph grinned horribly—I did not deteſt but only feared him, for my innocent heart, though full of its beſt-beloved object, did not dare to draw a compariſon between them.

He rudely bade me ſit down, and drawing out a packet, gave me ſuch a pang as cannot be deſcribed. I ſuppoſed it to be the loſt letters; it was not ſo, and I felt a temporary tranſport, a gueſt long unknown to my diſtracted boſom.

"Here,

"Here, ſays he, is your father's will, it ſurprizes me that you never aſked for it before or ſpoke of its contents, for I ſuppoſe you know them."

I proteſted entire ignorance and he bade me read it, read it aloud. Alas! it would have given me much pleaſure to have deferred a taſk that muſt recal a thouſand horrid ideas, but he urged me peremptorily—it is you ſee, Madam, in your father's own hand. I kiſſed it moſt devoutly.

"Aye, Madam, you need not kiſs it; it too faithfully records your

obſtinacy as a child, your infamy as a wife, as the wife of a man who once doated upon you even to diſtraction: It is dated you may ſee ſome weeks before he died, before you had the cunning to miſlead his departing ſpirit."

It recited, my dear Lady Ann, among a variety of other reaſons, for leaving me dependant totally on the Marquis's will, that in contradiction to his commands I had correſponded with the man he abhorred, the deteſted Percy; that in oppoſition to my own honour, and my huſband's fame, I had given myſelf to the arms of the moſt refined

fiend villain, the deſtroyer of his houſe, the deteſted Percy.

The frequent mention of his name ſwelled my breaſt even to burſting; my eyes ſtreamed with tears, and while I bleſſed my poor deluded father's memory, ſtill anxious for the honour of my Percy, my Percy—oh Heaven! I could—oh! what could I not have done? Pride at laſt came to my aſſiſtance, and I was going calmly to return him the paper, when the ſeal caught my eye.

The laſt time my father ſaw me he took from his bed a watch that

he much valued, becauſe it was my mother's; he made me take it, it might be his laſt gift. Within one caſe was his picture, and her's within the other: The gift was invaluable: I hung my own watch in it's place. To each of them was a family ſeal, but differently emblazoned: The ſeal upon the will, bore the impreſſion of that which belonged to me, and conſequently muſt have been taken off after his death. How contempt and indignation ſhook me; the deepeſt ſchemes of villainy are never deep enough, ſome ſlight clue leads to the diſcovery.

I re-

I reproached him ſe erely, and in an agony ſaid, God knows how much, for my reaſon was not my own. He, with a rage inexpreſſible, ſprung towards me like a fury and dragged me into the gallery before my father's picture, which ſeemed to ſmile on me as in my happier days, when love and Courtnay and he lighted up my heart with tranſport; that ſmile calmed my miſery, ſoftened my afflictions, and I ſunk on my knees before him, imploring his protection, and with a fervency which ſhook the monſter's ſoul, avowed my innocence and threw my hopes to Heaven. The Mar-

quis ſeemed for ſome time agitated, and at length aſſuming ſomething like ſatisfaction led me back into my dreſſing-room, where he has left me in a ſuſpence that racks me; will he not go out? Yet why ſhould I wiſh it? To what purpoſe could he ſhew me this forged will, for the hand though very like my father's was clearly not his, but to ſport with my feelings—to enjoy my wretchedneſs? Little does he know the torments that knock hard againſt this boſom, a boſom tremblingly alive to apprehenſions at this moment that would appal the fierceſt.

In Continuation.

I have received the following Billet—

" AT twelve I ſhall expect to meet the moſt lovely of women at the entrance of the North wood, every emotion of

my ſoul is known to her, and ſhe has nothing to fear. From my hands ſhe will receive thoſe letters which have doubtleſs cauſed her much anxiety.

" Percy conjures her to remember twelve.

I will cloſe this for fear of his return and endeavour to walk a few minutes in the garden. How my heart beats.

LET-

LETTER LIII.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

St. Julian's Abbey.

HEAVEN be merciful to me! but the ſtranger and the Marquis met me in the garden: they looked at me with ſcrutinizing eyes, and I trembled almoſt to fainting;

fainting: they inſtantly made up to me, and my huſband inſiſted to learn what was the matter.

"You came not here Madam, to meet me, to implore my forgiveneſs, to offer me your duty. What, do you ſtart at the ſight of me?"

I did ſtart indeed; for I heard a ruſtling among the trees. How did my heart ſink. Sure there is not, cannot be guilt in taking a laſt leave; in exchanging ſighs, in bidding adieu for ever; but I wander, my dear, and will return to the narration.

We came back to the houſe, this ſtranger ſupporting me—who on earth can he be and what is his purpoſe? He ſpoke tenderly, but he looked, oh! God, do not let me condemn a creature of thy framing from his look for every man bears thine image.

We all ſate down in the ſaloon, in a ſilence neither ſullen nor melancholy but of that doubtful ſort which might eaſily have been wrought into either. At laſt he exclaimed "I will not leave you, Eliza, you are unwell" and would have put on a ſemblance of pity but that his features unuſed to ſuch

ſuch a paſſion could not catch the expreſſion of it. I told him my health was at this time as perfect as it ever would be, that if he ſtaid till I was more happy, he muſt await my death, that alone which put a period to my exiſtence could put a period to my ſufferings.

"Mighty well, Madam; this is the love and obedience you vowed to me, and in the very moment when your ſoul had vowed its deareſt intereſts and conſtancy to Northumberland."

You, Sir, are the laſt perſon who ſhould reproach me; the reproaches of my own heart are a ſufficient torment.

"'Tis well, indeed (ſays he) why, do you not avow your guilty paſſion?"

Why not! I do avow it! Was my exclamation, it is my all of comfort and joy. The ſound of his name will be ever dear to me; his virtues to my admiration; aye, rip up this heart (for the Marquis put his hand to his ſword) you will find his image there, and my laſt breath ſhall ſigh out Percy.

Was

Was I very, very criminal? Indeed his malice was too provoking. Before the diſcovery of the forged will, I never ſuffered my lip to wander, and whatever threats he uſed, whatever menacing provocations, I was all ſilence and humility. Good Heaven, what a rage he was in; I tremble but at the recollection of his diſtorted viſage! He would have killed me if his companion had not witheld him, and whiſpered ſomething I could not hear, to which he replied, aye, that is true. Madam, leave the room. I was about to retire, happily releaſed from his preſence, though, without knowing whether he intended

tended to leave the Abbey when he called me back again.

"Where are you going?"

To my prayers.

"To your prayers! You have need of them: Pray for Percy too, the guilty partner of your crimes, he has need of them: Your ſoul, Madam, has more paſſion than piety in it; but to your prayers, Heaven forbid I ſhould detain you from them; pray for me too, if his name and mine ought to be coupled even in prayers!

prayers! I perhaps have the moſt need of them."

He ſends for me to dinner. Oh, Lady Ann, I dare not deny him, but food is too poor a reſtorative for me.

Adieu, deareſt of friends, may you live long and love

Your

ELIZA LOTHIAN.

LET-

LETTER LIV.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

St. Julian's Abbey.

HOW dreadful a fiend is jealouſy; it inverts every good quality or rather abſorbs them. Violent as the Marquis has b en he met me at dinner with a ſerene coun-

countenance and would have led me into a converſation upon frivolous topics, addreſſing himſelf alternately to me and to this ſtranger. I was ſilent, thoughtful, ſighed often, and ate nothing. He at laſt ſeemed moved and would have ſoothed me. He? he could not ſoothe me; tenderderneſs came too late. Nothing could remove the horror and deteſtation the very ſight of him raiſes in me.

Lady Ann, Lady Ann, take your beloved Saliſbury to your arms while no unlooked-for circumſtance can tear him from you?

Dear,

Dear, delightful union of ſouls denied to your poor Eliza and her —Oh! God.

After the ſervants retired he drew near to me, took me by the hand, and raiſing his eyes to mine, he ſaid,

"If thoſe tears were a ſacrifice to my abſence; if that breaſt ſwelled with anxious love for my return; but of that no more; we may live happy yet. Eliza, your father was my beſt friend, a very man of men; he loved me, gave you to me as the deareſt pledge of his

his affection, and ſhall we not be happy?"

My lips ſobbed out "It is, I fear, too late, my Lord.

"What! (exclaimed he, in a fury, but with difficulty reſtraining himſelf, dropt his hated forehead on my hand) I will no more be violent, ſays he: Will my Eliza forgive me? Will her kind wiſhes conduct me on my journey? Will ſhe think of me?"

I could not anſwer him, conſcious whom I am to meet.

"Are

"Are you ſullen, Madam?"

"I wiſh you happy, (returned I) whatever I may be."

"Say but you forgive me, Eliza."

"I do."

"Swear it."

I ſhook my head.

"Well, drink my health before I depart, and that ſhall be a pledge of your forgiveneſs."

I drank the cup to get rid of his importunities, and he roſe to leave me, but with ſuch a malignant ſmile as I can never forget. He is gone, my dear Lady Ann; how ſhall I employ my thoughts for theſe few hours, to divert them from meditating too deeply?

I am interrupted.

In

In Continuation.

JEALOUSY! indeed I am not jealous: But a poor girl has related a tale to me of the Marquis, who has deceived, and deserted her, that would melt a

heart of adamant. She is the daughter of a cottager, whom he has wooed in the garb of a peaſant; and by a language and addreſs above the common mode, perſuaded her to his purpoſe: His profeſſions were violent; his ſcheme deep: He triumphed, and ſhe is miſerable.

I will never upbraid him, Lady Ann, but ſurely it gives me freſh ſpirits to meet the Lord of my affections to take an innocent farewell. This time for reflection makes me very ſick—ſick at heart. I will endeavour to divert myſelf by reading.

In

In Continuation.

THE library offered me ſome old manuſcripts, ancient enough to be in the black letter, among which was the following poem which I have copied, becauſe you will feel a melancholy pleaſure in peruſing it:

HENRIE AND CATHARINE.

I.

IN anciente times, in Brittain's isle,
Lord Henrie was well knowne,
No Knighte was in his day more fam'd,
Nor more deserv'd renowne;
His thoughts on honoure always ranne;
He never bow'd to love;
No Ladie in the land had charmes,
His frozen hearte to move.

Midst

II.

Midſt all the nymphs where Catharine wente
The faireſt face ſhe ſhowes;
She was as brighte as morning ſunne
And ſweete as any roſe;
Altho' ſhe was of low degree,
She ſtill did conqueſtes gain;
For ſcarce a youthe who her behelde
Eſcap'd her pow'rfulle chaine:

III.

But ſoone her eyes theire luſtre loſt,
Her cheekes grew pale and wan;
For pininge ſiez'd her beauteous face,
And every grace was gone:

This ſickneſs was to all unknowne;
Thus did the faire one waſte
Her time in ſighs, and floods of tears,
Or broken ſlumbers paſte.

IV.

Once in a dreame ſhe call'd aloude,
"Oh Henrie I'm undone!
"Oh cruel fate! Oh helpleſſe maid!
"My love can ne'er be knowne.
"But 'tis the fate of woman-kinde
"The truth we muſt conceale;
"I'll die ten thouſande thouſande deathes
"Ere I the truthe reveale."

A ten.

V.

A tender friende who watch'd the fair,
To Henrie hied away:
" My Lord," ſhe cries, " we've founde the
" cauſe
" Of Catharine's quicke decaye.
" She in a dreame the ſecret tolde,
" Till now no mortal knewe;
" Alas! ſhe now expiring lies
" And dies for love of you."

VI.

The gentle Henrie's ſoul was ſtrucke,
His heart began to flame;
" O! poor unhappy maid!" he cried,
" Yet I am not to blame.

" Oh! Catharine, too, too modeſte maide;
" Thy love I never knewe,
" I'll eaſe thy paine."—As ſwift as winde,
To her bed-ſide he flewe.

VII.

" Awake," he cri'd, " Thou lovely maide,
" Awake, awake, my dear,
" If I had only gueſt thy love,
" Thou hadſt not ſhed a tear.
" 'Tis Henrie calls; deſpair no more;
" Renew thy wonted charms:
" I'm come to call thee back from deathe,
" And take thee to my arms."

That

VIII.

That worde reviv'd the lifeleſſe maide,
She rais'd her drooping head,
And ſmiling on her long-lov'd Lorde,
She ſtarted from the bed;
Her arms about his neck ſhe flung,
In extacy ſhe cri'd,
"Will you be kind? Will you indeede?
"Oh! love!"——And ſo ſhe died.

Poor Catharine, it looks as if Shakeſpeare had drawn the thought which afforded the moſt beautiful image, as well as the moſt expreſſive from this ancient ballad—

——She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Prey on her damaſk cheek.——

And ſate like Patience on a monument
Smiling at Grief.

Love, my dear Lady Ann, if it be the ſource of every joy, it is the ſource of every ſorrow: I am

am ſick at heart; why does not this time creep faſter on! It is an age 'till night, and ſuſpence racks me!

Thou poor trifler, would you believe it, my dear, my poor dog, my gentle Phillis, looked at me with ſuch expreſſive fondneſs as melted me into tears; I would have played with her, and endeavoured to divert my anxiety and her attention, it was in vain; we are both too gloomy to be ſported with.

How gratefully do I remember the many entertaining whimſies of my

my little barbet; we have amuſed ourſelves with a thouſand tricks; ſhe ſhewed me arts, poſitions, and fancies, that men might happily imitate for their gracefulneſs and ingenuity; ſhe ſeized my ball, or wantoned with my ribband; ſometimes under the appearance of ſport, and now with the fierceneſs of a tygreſs after her prey.

It has been impoſſible to diſcover which has afforded the other moſt diverſion; ſhall I conclude her or myſelf to be moſt ſimple now; I who wiſh to engage her to ſport with me, or ſhe in refuſing it? Montaigne ſays, "It

is,

is, perhaps, to the defect of our not underſtanding the canine language that we ever diſagree with them, for they certainly reaſon with one another, and are moſt faithful, conſtant, and attentive to us."

They indeed ſympathize with our wretchedneſs, and many authors have averred ſo much of their preſcience, that it were a kind of infidelity to doubt the numberleſs inſtances we meet with, which ſeem to juſtify it. Ah! Lady Ann, my Phillis looks at me with ſo prophetic a meaning, that my ſoul ſinks within me, and

and I could almoſt wiſh to diſap-
point my Percy. I will write to
him this moment.

LET-

LETTER LV.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO THE

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

St. Julian's Abbey.

My Lord,

THE first moment of our meeting was the commencement of my miſeries; nurſed in the lap of comfort, joy lighted up every moment of my life; happy

happy in my father's ſmile; happy in the enjoyment of every wiſh; you came and filled my ſoul with love; every hope, every wiſh, every comfort came with it, it was the very lord of my heart: Shall I recall to unhappy remembrance, the fondneſs we gave a looſe to, the raptures we indulged! All ſanctioned, all approved, a father's bleſſing, and the ſweets of innocence raiſed us into ſuperior beings! Heaven itſelf could not bleſs us more! If the grove o'er ſhadowed, if the ſtream refreſhed us, if the extended proſpect raiſed our admiration, or the rich labours of induſtry teem'd with our thankfulneſs,

fulneſs, ſtill the latent ſparks of love gliſtened through every converſe, bounded our every thought!

Oh! Percy, ſevere remembrance will blacken all this, will recal the unhappy moment in which you undeceived my father; yet, why deceive him? to that deceit we owe our ſufferings: Love to be ſucceſsful, muſt be open, clear, confidential; throw but one drop of ambiguity into it, and the whole ſtream is poiſoned.

You flew from me, and peace and comfort flew with you for ever; I married to ſave the life

of

of him I held my life from; I married; married when my heart loathed: You ſee that I will conceal nothing from you; even in this ſituation common tranquillity might have viſited me, but that You appeared. The Marquis was attentive; nay, he was at times indifferent to my actions. I fed the hungry, cloathed the naked; portioned the indigent damſel, and gave her to the arms of her beſt beloved: This was a ſource of tranſient comfort to me; but when I ſaw the happy pair embrace with tears of tranſport, I have dropt a tear and heaved a ſigh, and exclaimed in ſilent anguiſh—

thus

thus might I and Percy have been, had Fate been kinder.

When I firſt met your ſiſter, a ſecret impulſe tied us together, before we either of us knew how dear we might have been; at length you returned from the war, encircled with glory, with the ſmiles of beauty, with the affection of all; I heard of your fame, and bleſſed it; I ſaw the conqueror and was wretched; all my former fondneſs returned, but deſpair returned with it! My huſband: oh! forgive me that title, Percy, the Marquis grew impatient, jealous, and watchful; he miſconſtrued

ſtrued every action, miſapplied every look; would I had died at our firſt parting; long, long before theſe deteſted nuptials! His jealouſy and revenge hurried me to my father, to my dying father; he was my only ſtay, but he died a victim to that unkindneſs he ſaw me ſuffer, and left me to ſtruggle alone with the bitterneſs of fortune; reſigned to all that violence, and diſtruſt, and hatred could inflict, while I could traverſe thro' the walks we had wantoned in, looked on the ſhrubs that had formerly flowered but for us, enjoyed the proſpects you had pointed out, or ſat in contemplation on the ruſtic

ruſtic ſeat you had reared for me.

At this moment, you, the deſtroyer of my peace, the dear object of all I hold dear, came again to me.

Oh! Percy, when we met in London you deſpiſed me: Why do you haunt me now? Deſpiſe me ſtill, deteſt me, fly from me, I am the wife of another!

Oh! love me ſtill, Percy, but do not tell me ſo; do not ſee me; let us meet no more; we have had enough of meeting; let us part, my

my Percy, you will remember me, and I, I cannot forget you; ſeek out ſome happier woman; I think that I could enjoy your happineſs with another, ſince we can never meet; my ſoul preſages that if we keep our appointment this evening, ſomething dreadful will ſucceed it.

You will treat this as the phantom of female fancy; but if you love me, allow me to govern in this; my ſolemn promiſe has been given you, it is true; demand the performance, and I will meet you, though death itſelf, or what is worſe, a revengeful jealous huſband

band ſhould oppoſe my paſſage. Yet Percy was wont to comply with the wiſhes of his Eliza; be not leſs kind now, my life, my Lord, my love, farewell, farewell! My heart and my pen linger, like the glow of the expiring taper: How can we bid adieu for ever? My ſight fails me! If I die—but I will not wound you, adieu, adieu,

ELIZA.

LETTER LVI.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

In Continuation.

BLIND, indeed, is love, Lady Ann, for I had written a letter to Northumberland which I incloſe to you, for you ſhall know all my weakneſs, without recollecting

recollecting how impoſſible it is to get it conveyed to him: I know not where he is. Yes, you ſhall know all my weakneſs; I do not now wiſh it; I will meet him. What might have diſapointed me a few moments ago, now is my comfort. I will meet him, Lady Ann, bleſs him and die.

What is the Marquis to me? My huſband? No, never! He wanted my love, my confidence, my eſteem! He has in the room of them, my hatred, my contempt, my abhorrence.

Will it never be night! I will go again into the garden: Heaven forbid I meet the Marquis there: It is a vain idea, he is far, far off!

In Continuation.

GREAT God! how Percy haunts me! The incloſed letter from him, dropt before me; he muſt have been in the garden, he muſt have watched. If any of the

the ſervants ſhould ſee him; if the Marquis ſhould return! Oh! Lady Ann, the fatal ſecret is divulged, for I fainted at the ſight of the letter. Mary, my woman, was luckily near enough to give me aſſiſtance. The firſt moments of my recovery, expoſed my love; I called on Percy, ſhe ſoothed me, tenderly reſtored me to life, and led me from obſervance; then bade me read the letter, which ſhe had diſcreetly taken care of, leſt it ſhould fall into other hands.

LETTER LVII.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND

TO THE

MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN.

WE parted this morning abruptly; you promiſed to meet me ſolemnly. I rely upon it. What the world calls—prudence, and your diſcreet ones—duty,

duty, will not weigh with me in excuſe for a diſappointment that will be my death. I have but a ſhort farewell to take; to commend myſelf to your heart, to vow eternal affection, to expreſs one wiſh, for which alone I am contented to drag on a wretched being, to exchange one ſigh, to take one embrace, and then.—

Oh, my God! I would this Lothian were an enemy I could meet in battle; we would have a glorious conteſt: But enough of him.

If you do not meet me at the North wood, you ſhall ſee me in your chamber; for we will meet; by Heaven we will! I muſt pour my ſoul out before you. Villain! Villain! How has he blaſted the hopes of the fondeſt pair? damn him, damn him! Forgive me, Eliza, but I am fallen from ſuch a height; thruſt down the precipice by him; yet I would not damn him; his own crimes will ſink him deep enough: He is the verieſt wretch that ever diſgraced human nature: The agony I write in muſt plead in excuſe for any incongruities. Do but meet me—Let me not be diſ-

appointed

appointed leſt madneſs ſeize me, and I act a violence that will affright you and the world. If you walk out alone, I ſhall find opportunity to throw this at your feet. There is not a ſhrub that once gave me pleaſure, but it affords me ſhelter now. I have not ſlept theſe three nights; come to me or I ſhall never ſleep again, but in death. You promiſed once and deceived me: Do not deceive me now; you cannot without driving me to deſperation.

Adieu, till twelve,

Your own

PERCY.

ELIZA

In Continuation.

THE clock has ſtruck eleven; how my heart beats; oh! that you were with me to ſupport me through the ſcene that approaches! Again I implore you not to condemn me, but conſider the horror of my ſituation. Forgive me my Heavenly Father! and do thou, bleſt ſhade of my earthly parent, intercede for me, if this compliance is criminal!

I am very ſick, Lady Ann, my eyes grow dim; my hand trembles, and

and a thouſand dreadful phantoms riſe to my troubled imagination. Hark, was not that the cry of murder? No, all is ſtill, ſave the ominous bird of night, whoſe hootings are anſwered only by the voice of echo. Again! Sure my father called? Does not his fleeting ſhade beckon me to follow? Percy too accompanies him! Oh! glorious ſight; the rapture is too great; it overpowers my weak and tremulous frame; I ſink under it!

In Continuation.

I thought I was dying, my friend, it was but a faintneſs ſeized me; my watch tells me in ten minutes Percy will expect me.

Support me ye trembling limbs; I will bid him an eternal adieu; yet my bleſſings, my prayers ſhall attend him; for you too will I offer up my orœiſons. Oh! thou God of mercy ſhower upon them both thy choiceſt gifts, and pardon the offences of thy wretched creature! I write upon my knees; ſure my prayers are accepted! What harmonious ſounds do I hear, as if the Angels ſung a requiem to the departing ſpirits of the righteous! But five minutes and the clock ſtrikes twelve!

Farewell.

LET-

LETTER LVIII.

MARY WILSON

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

St. Julian's Abbey.

Honoured Lady,

I Hope you will pardon my boldneſs in writing, but my grief for the loſs of the ſweeteſt and beſt of miſtreſſes, urges me to apply to you.

Oh!

Oh! my Lady, I fear there has been ſad foul play on the ſide of ſome folks; but it does not become a poor dependant like me, to tell all my thoughts; thus much I will ſay, that my dear Lady went out late laſt night, through the door that leads to the garden; I ſaw her totter extremely, and feared ſhe would have fallen; my maſter was from home, but ſoon after I ſaw him come in, bringing my dear Lady in his arms; he called me, and told me he feared ſhe was very bad.

I was ſadly frightened, for his cloaths were all ſtained with blood; and

and as for my ſweet Lady, ſhe was quite dead.

I wept bitterly at the ſight; however, I and ſome more of the women carried her to her chamber.

God forgive me, if I ſay wrong; but, indeed, Honoured Madam, there is every appearance of her having died by poiſon; for the body is much ſwelled, and diſcoloured; and in the morning ſhe appeared in better health than I have for a long time known her.

Froment and my maſter have been out almoſt all night with a lanthorn in the wood.

I ſhall ſend off this before their return by my brother, who was my ſweet Lady's own footman, and is as ſorrowful for her death as I am.

The encloſed letters I found in her dreſſing-room; pray pardon my fredom, and believe me

Honoured Lady,

Your very obedient ſervant,

MARY WILSON.

BILLET.

BILLET.

LADY ANN HOWARD

TO

LORD SALISBURY.

Owen Caſtle.

SET off this moment, I implore you, for St. Julian's Abbey: Lord Glendore's ſeat is in your way, take him with you. Oh! my Lord, I am nearly diſtracted; what a bloody tragedy has been acted there! Read the incloſed letters, and, if you love me, ſuffer not the monſter to eſcape unpuniſhed!

ANN HOWARD.

LET-

LETTER LIX.

LORD SALISBURY

TO

LADY ANN HOWARD.

St. Julian's Abbey.

YOU need not doubt, my deareſt Lady Ann, that your commands alone, would have urged me to the utmoſt zeal, in bringing to light the late black tranſaction; but in ſuch a cauſe as this,

this, honour, gratitude, and friendſhip, all conſpired to fill my ſoul with deteſtation for the vile Marquis, and pity for the unfortunate victims of his fury.

I left London the moment I had peruſed your billet, and reached Lord Glendore's that night; I found him in the very boſom of domeſtic felicity, and had ſome difficulty in tearing him from it, as I dared not even hint at my dreadful errand, till we had quitted the houſe; I then imparted to him the fatal tidings: To deſcribe his grief and indignation is utterly impoſſible; the noble Percy was not only his brother, but his

deareſt friend. We loſt no time, but reached the Abbey by break of day (I had taken care to provide a train of faithful followers ſufficient for my purpoſe, ſhould our entrance be oppoſed). Upon our arrival at the Abbey, we inſtantly demanded the Marquis; he appeared, but at the ſight of us trembled, and turned pale; his daſtardly ſoul ſhrunk within him, and, with a faltering voice, he enquired the cauſe of the unexpected honour he received.

I aſked for the Marchioneſs; with affected ſorrow he informed me of her death.

"Grief

"Grief for the loſs of her father, had brought on a diſorder, which two days ago carried her to her grave."

I ſtopped him.

"Or rather ſay, my Lord, that you found even the operations of grief and ill-uſage too ſlow for your purpoſe, and therefore called in the friendly aid of poiſon."

He ſtarted, and would have interrupted me, but I proceeded—

"Yes, my Lord, I again repeat poiſon, vain are your ſubterfuges, your villainy is known, and Percy, the

the noble, the generous Percy, is your ſecond victim; think not but the hand of juſtice ſhall ſtrike!"

His whole frame was convulſed, and utterance was denied him.

"Follow me, my Lord," I added; he would have declined it, but Glendore, whoſe eyes flaſhed fury, ſeized his arm, and compelled him, in ſpite of his apparent reluctance. We ſoon reached the place mentioned in the letter of the unfortunate Marchioneſs. The ground was in ſeveral places ſtained with blood; and

and I perceived the turf had been newly raiſed; I called ſome of my domeſtics, and commanded them to remove the earth; the mangled body of Percy was ſoon diſcovered. At this heart-rending ſight, the rage of Glendore knew no bounds; his ſword was already pointed at the heart of the trembling wretch, who had fallen on his knees before us; but I held his arm, "Diſhonour not your ſword with the blood of a villain," I ſaid, "he merits not ſuch a fate."

Then turning to the Marquis—

"What

"What were the motives that induced you to commit theſe crimes?"

"Juſtice," he cried, my wife was—

"An angel!" I exclaimed, "and therefore unfit to be the partner of a fiend: I can bring thee ſuch proofs of her purity and worth, that even thou muſt confeſs her virtuous, as the inhabitants of thoſe bleſt abodes where thou canſt never arrive."

"Then I am, indeed, a wretch!" he exclaimed, "I believed her vile, I was informed by

by my valet, of the arrival of Percy, that he had met my wife; I intercepted the billet; I adminiſtered to her poiſon; and, aſſiſted by Froment, I baſely ſlew Percy: He had ſcarcely breathed his laſt, when I perceived Eliza; her ſtrength failed, and ſhe was ſunk upon the ground, but I bore her in my arms, and throwing her by the bleeding body of her lover, I inhumanly ſported with her agonies; but death releaſed her, and, without uttering a groan, ſhe expired! Our blood was chilled with horror."

Glendore ſet off to procure an order for apprehending this mon-

ſter of cruelty; and after this was effected, we viſited the remains of your angelic friend; but, alas! how changed! I will not pain your compaſſionate heart by enlarging upon this dreadful ſubject.

Her woman has earneſtly requeſted permiſſion to attend you; and I have promiſed the faithful creature to intercede with you in her behalf.

Lord Glendore tells me the letters of the Marchioneſs were found upon the road by a ſervant of Percy's, and by that means fell into his hands.

A fatal

A fatal circumſtance! as it was the cauſe of the ſudden reſolution he formed of ſeeing her once more.

His remains are to be depoſited in the family vault; and Lord Glendore ſets off to night, to impart the dreadful cataſtrophe to the family.

The ſituation of the Marquis cannot be deſcribed; indeed it would ſhock your gentle nature to behold him; whether remorſe, or merely the dread of puniſhment occaſions the agonies he endures, I will not pretend to determine; I hope it is the former,

but

but juſtice requires the world ſhould be relieved from ſuch a peſt of ſociety.

Endeavour to moderate your grief, my beloved Lady Ann! Conſider how many look up to you for their future felicity; and upon your peace depends that of your devoted

SALISBURY.

FINIS.

4 DE 58

20